

1186
MAN AND WIFE;

OR, THE

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE.

Colman (H.)

A

COMEDY,

OF THREE ACTS,

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL in COVENT GARDEN.

Quid vetat et Nosmet?

D U B L I N :

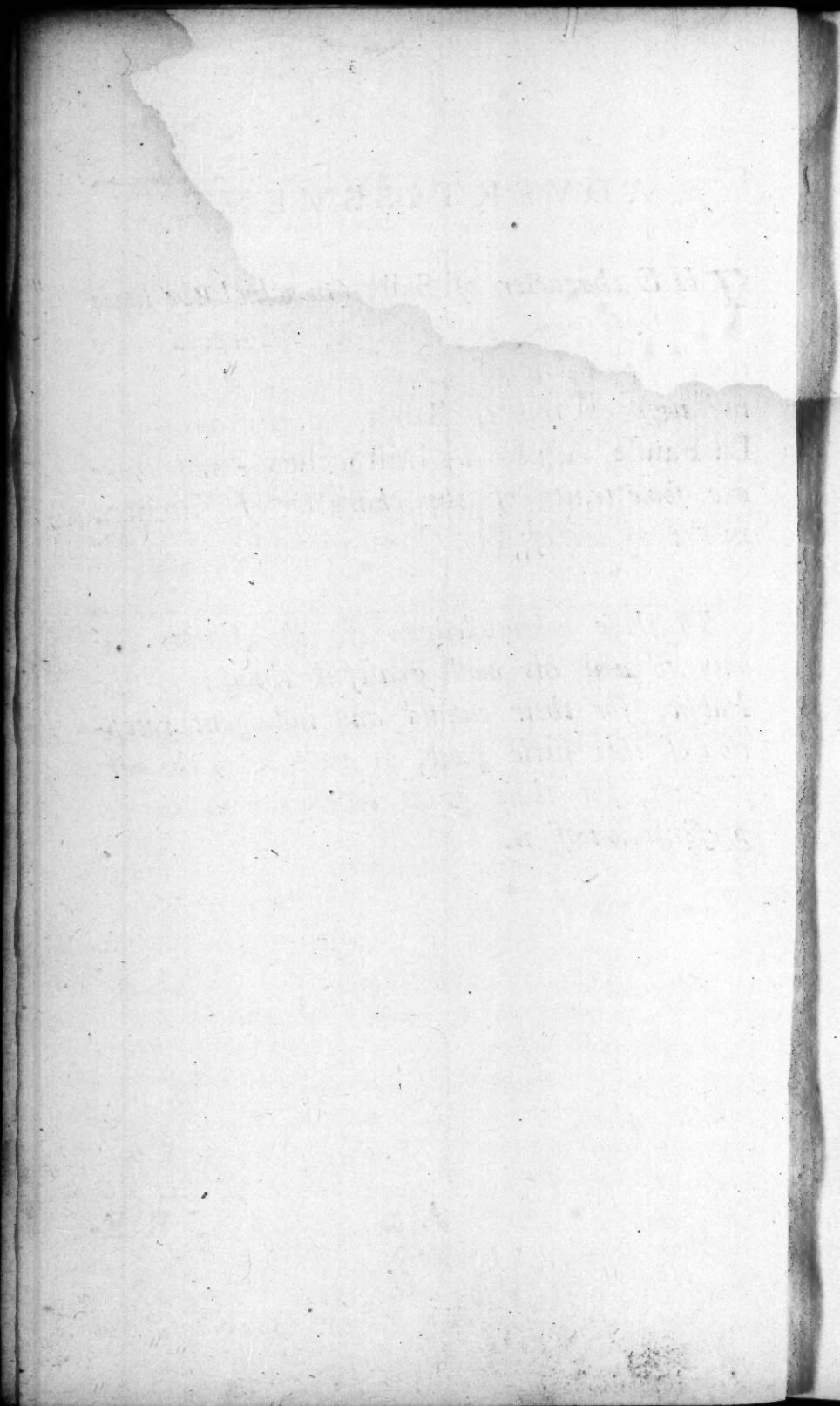
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T. TODD, and W. WILLIAMS. M,DCC,LXX.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE character of Sally (in which the little actress who performed it, discovered more than the dawn of theatrical genius) is an imitation of that of Babet, in the comedy of La Fausse Agnès, by Destouches ---and there are some traits of the character of Kitchen, in the 3d vol. of The CONNOISSEUR.

To these acknowledgments, the Author has only to add his most grateful thanks to the Public, for their candid and indulgent reception of this little piece, as well as to the performers, for their great excellence in the representation of it.



P R E L U D E.

C H A R A C T E R S.

Dapperwit,	_____	Mr. Dyer.
Jenkins,	_____ —	Mr. Hull.
Townly,	_____ —	Mr. Wroughton.

SCENE *Covent Garden.*

Townly *crossing the stage*—Jenkins *calling after him.*

H O L L O—Tom!
T O W N L Y.

Who's there? Jenkins!

J E N K I N S.

Ay—Where are you going?

T O W N L Y.

To the play.

J E N K I N S.

The play! What is it? Let me see — MAN
AND WIFE; OR, THE SHAKESPEARE JU-
BILÉE—So, so! a new comedy! Whose is it?

T O W N L Y.

Don't you know?

A 3

J E N K I N S.

J E N K I N S.

Not I — I have been partridge-shooting ever since the first of September — and am but just come to town — Who is the author?

T O W N L Y.

Your friend and acquaintance — the Manager.

J E N K I N S.

What! little Dapperwit?

T O W N L Y.

The same. — Here he comes, faith — speak to him, Tom — ask him about his comedy.

Enter Dapperwit.

J E N K I N S.

Ha, George! — How do you? — Well — but you need not look so melancholy — What! in mourning! — another annuity, I suppose — Ha, George!

D A P P E R W I T.

No — I am in mourning, Sir, for a dear and worthy friend, and a most valuable partner — a man, whose goodness of heart was even superior to his admirable talents in his profession.

T O W N L Y.

Your friend's death was a public loss, Sir. — He was deservedly a favourite of the public, and is very generally regretted.

J E N K I N S.

Well, but George, now you have put on mourning for your friend, I am afraid you will be obliged to continue to wear it for Covent-garden theatre.

D A P-

P R E L U D E.

iii

DAPPERWIT.

I hope not, Sir — The public is candid and generous; and we must be attentive and industrious.

JENKINS.

Yes — you have been dabbling again, I see.

TOWNLY.

A stroke at the Jubilee — Ha, Mr. Dapperwit!

DAPPERWIT.

An innocent laugh, Sir — raised out of an adventure which, I have taken the liberty to suppose, happened during that period. — As to the Jubilee itself, or the design and conduct of it, I cannot consider them as objects of satire.

TOWNLY.

No, Sir? they have been roundly attacked — Lodgings without beds — Dinners without victuals —

DAPPERWIT.

I know what you mean, Sir. — My friend Pasquin has infinite humour, but his pleasantries are exceedingly harmless, and I believe he wishes they should be so. — The scandal of others is mere dirt — throw a great deal, and some of it will stick. But the satire of Pasquin is like fuller's-earth — it daubs your coat indeed for a time — but it soon grows dry; and when it rubs off, your coat is so much the cleaner. — Thus it has happened on the present occasion — for after all, gentlemen, if a building be erected for a particular purpose, is not it natural to pull it down again, when that purpose is answered? A great number of people cannot be assembled without creating a crowd — a rainy day will prevent the exhibition of a pageant — and heavy showers destroy the effect of a firework.

A 4

TOWNLY.

TOWNLY.

Ay, Sir—but an ode without poetry——

DAPPERWIT.

As to the ode —— it had one capital fault, I must confess.

TOWNLY and JENKINS.

Well — and what was it?

DAPPERWIT.

Why, Gentlemen, I understood every word of it. —— Now, an ode, they say — an ode —— to be very good, should be wholly unintelligible.

TOWNLY.

Oh, your servant, Sir!

JENKINS.

Well —— but you intend to give it us here, I suppose?

DAPPERWIT.

No —— the ode can no where be heard to so much advantage as from the mouth of the author — and indeed it was so happily calculated for the time and place, for which it was originally intended, and the speaker so truly felt a noble enthusiasm on the occasion, that you have lost a very exquisite pleasure (never to be retrieved) by not hearing it at Stratford-upon-Avon.

TOWNLY.

Well, Sir —— but the pageant and the masquerade ——

DAPPERWIT.

Those you shall see, Sir —— and perhaps they may appear to more advantage, and be seen with more satisfaction, at the Theatres Royal, than they could have been at Stratford itself.

JENKINS.

P R E L U D E.

J E N K I N S.

Well — but George — tell us a little of your comedy.

D A P P E R W I T.

Walk in, Sir, and it will speak for itself—The curtain is just going to draw up.

J E N K I N S.

And how do you feel yourself?—Eh, George!

D A P P E R W I T.

Much as usual on similar occasions — all hurry and flutter — which strangers are apt to mistake for high spirits, and my friends and acquaintance know to be nothing but apprehension.

T O W N L Y.

We'll give you a hand — I know of a strong party against it, I can tell you, Sir.

D A P P E R W I T.

I fear no party, unless my own dulness raises one against me. The public will suffer no party, no malice, to interrupt its amusements. — If I succeed, I shall owe my success to their indulgence — if I fail, I shall owe it to myself. With these sentiments I enter the theatre.—Come, Gentlemen—my trial is near coming on, for the play must be just going to begin.

T O W N L Y.

We attend you, Sir.

J E N K I N S.

Well said, little Dapperwit—Have a good heart, my boy! We'll keep it up, I warrant you!

C H A R A C T E R S.

Crofs,	— — —	Mr. <i>Shuter</i> ,
Marcourt,	— — —	Mr. <i>Woodward</i> ,
Kitchen,	— — —	Mr. <i>Dunfall</i> ,
Colonel Frankly,	— — —	Mr. <i>Perry</i> ,
Landlord,	— — —	Mr. <i>Morris</i> ,
Fleece,	— — —	Mr. <i>R. Smith</i> ,
Luke,	— — —	Mr. <i>Lewes</i> ,
Buck,	— — —	Mr. <i>Davis</i> ,
Snarl,	— — —	Mr. <i>Wignell</i> ,
Ofsler,	— — —	Mr. <i>Quick</i> ,
Passengers, {	— — —	Mr. <i>Herbert</i> ,
	— — —	Mr. <i>Fox</i> .

Mrs. Crofs,	— — —	Mrs. <i>Green</i> ,
Charlotte,	— — —	Mrs. <i>Bulkley</i> ,
Sally,	— — —	
Lettice,	— — —	Mrs. <i>Mattocks</i> ,
Landlady,	— — —	Mrs. <i>Gardner</i> ,
Passengers, {	— — —	Miss <i>Pearce</i> ,
	— — —	Mrs. <i>Copen</i> .

Waiters, &c.

TO
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, KNT,
PRESIDENT
OF THE
ROYAL ACADEMY,
THIS COMEDY
IS INSCRIBED
BY HIS ADMIRER,
FRIEND,
AND MOST FAITHFUL
HUMBLE SERVANT,

GEORGE COLMAN.

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MAN AND WIFE;
OR, THE
SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *an Inn at Stratford upon Avon.*
Bells ringing—People behind calling Waiter!
Waiter! Ostler! House! &c. Waiters an-
swering, Coming! Landlady calling. Peo-
ple cross the Stage different Ways—Then en-
ter Landlord and Ostler.

LANDLORD.

TELL you, Ostler, you must find stabling
for the set of horses that came in last.

OSTLER.

I tell you, Sir, it is impossible—I cou'd not put
up the horses if they wou'd give me ten guineas a
hall for them.

LANDLORD.

Why can't you put some of them in the corner
table?

OSTLER.

I can't, Sir. Jack Pratt has taken it all for
Whirligig, that's entered to run for the Jubalo
cup, you know.

LANDLORD.

Well—well—it does not signify—the gentlemen
and ladies are particular acquaintances of the
steward—

2 MAN AND WIFE; OR, THE
steward—and you must find room for their horses
somewhere.

O S T L E R.

I must turn somebody's else's horses to grass
then. [Exit.

Bells ringing—and People calling again—Waiters
answering, Coming!—then enter Luke and three
or four other Waiters.

L A N D L O R D.

Here, Waiters, answer the bells—I am so lame,
I can scarce hobble about, and I want to be in fi-
ty places at once. Luke, you have the care of
most part of the house: why don't you answer the
bells? [Landlord hobbles out.

L U K E.

Coming, Sir, coming!—Here, Richard, take
this bottle of Madeira to the gentleman and lady
in the *As you like it*—Jack, carry a crown bowl
of punch into the *Measure for Measure*—Do you,
Thomas, take a dozen more Port wine, and pipes
and tobacco, to the music—they drink like fishes
—they are in *The Tempest*—d'ye hear?—and
William, do you make haste with half a dozen of
claret to the gentlemen in the *Merry Wives*—they
have been calling and ringing this half hour.

B U C K. [within.]

Waiter!

L U K E.

Coming, Sir, coming!

Enter Buck, tipsy.

B U C K. [singing.]

All shall yield to the mulberry tree,

Bend to thee

Sweet Mulberry!

Matchless was He

Who planted thee,

And thou like him immortal shalt be.

Here,

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. 3

Here, you Waiter! you scoundrel you, what's the meaning you don't bring the wine we call'd for? We are obliged to sit up all night because there are no beds, and you won't supply us with liquor to keep us in good humour.

LUKE.

Beg your honour's pardon—Do all in our power to oblige—Wait on seven companies myself; and have seven waiters under me, at three and six-pence a day.

BUCK.

How the fellow gabbles!—Have not I seen your face before, you sir?

LUKE.

Ah—your honour knows me well enough.—I am Luke, Luke, your honour, from the St. Alban's. But in the summer, business being dead in town—all the quality gone, your honour knows—I go too—and wait at all public places in the country—I came over here from York races—had half-a-dozen waiters under me there too—A little before that I was at the installation at Cambridge—From hence I go to the Gloucester Music-meeting—In October I shall be at Newmarket—And by the meeting of parliament you'll find Luke, honest Luke, your honour—at the St. Alban's again.

BUCK.

Chatter—chatter—chatter—the fellow huddles his words one upon another—and drives 'em out of his mouth like the liquor out of a narrow-necked bottle—Get us the wine directly, you scoundrel you.

LUKE.

Directly, Sir. (*Bell rings*) Coming, Sir, coming!

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Snarl, in a Night-gown.

S N A R L.

"And the worst of all beds is a Warwickshire bed."—Buck! what are you up too?

B U C K.

Up! I have not been in bed; there was none to be got.

S N A R L.

I wish you had had mine then—I had rather sit up without rest, than lie in bed without it.—I have been swinging in a hammock with a little army walking over me—and as to sleep, one might as well think of it in the Tower of Babel.

B U C K.

Come along with me then, and we'll teach you how to despise sleep.—There is a set of us have taken the room beyond the music for the whole time of the Jubilee—and it serves us for dining-room, parlour, and bed-chamber. Ever since dinner to-day—faith I believe I may say yesterday, for its almost day-light again—we have been following the example set us at the amphitheatre, and have been drinking bumpers to the immortal memory of Shakespeare, to the steward of the Jubilee, with a round of Shakespeare's toasts—Here old Snarl! here's a jubilee-favour! see here! (*shewing his cockade.*) So come along with me, my boy, and I'll introduce you to the jolliest company at Stratford upon Avon—for

All shall yield to the mulberry tree, &c.

[*Exit singing with Snarl.*]

Bar-bell ringing. Land'ady (when the bell ceases) calling, Why Chambermaid! John Ostler! Boots! Chamberlain! where are you all?

Then

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. 5

Then enter Landlady followed by Colonel Frankly and five other Passengers in the Birmingham Coach.

LANDLADY.

This way! this way, if you please, ladies and gentlemen!—Why, Chambermaid, Richard! Thomas! Boots, I say!—*(Enter Chambermaid and two or three Waiters)* Here is the Birmingham coach has been overturned this morning—the gentry frightened out of their wits—and nobody to shew them a room, or get them any refreshment—D'ye chuse coffee or tea—some hot wine and egg, a little warm punch, or a white negro, ladies and gentlemen?

FIRST MAN PASSENGER.

This is flying as they say—flying to town in one day, as they call it.—Hoisted into the coach at ten o'clock at night, and stuck together as close as dried figs—Here, in spite of fatigue, we fall asleep before midnight, and soon after wake with a damned crash, and find ourselves canted into a slough by way of a feather-bed—Damn their flying, I say—a tight ship with plenty of sea-room is worth forty on't.

WOMAN PASSENGER.

I am sure it's a shame, so it is, to stuff the coach in the manner they do—six inside passengers, two children in lap—three upon the box—four upon the top of the coach, and half a dozen in the basket—besides hardware parcels and haunches of venison in the boot and the coach seats. Such a load! no wonder the machine should break down or turn over.

ANOTHER WOMAN PASSENGER.

Mercy on me! I am in such a pickle—I am ashamed to be seen—and then I shall never recover my

6 MAN AND WIFE; OR, THE

my fright—pray, ma'am, could you get me a little hartshorn and water?

LANDLADY.

D'ye hear, Chambermaid? why don't you stir?—Some hartshorn and water for the gentlewoman—fly, I say!

SECOND MAN PASSENGER.

Get me some mulled wine and a dry toast—D'ye hear, you Sir? zouns, how this house is altered! It used to be one of the best inns upon the road—but now there's hardly getting any body to come near one—no attendance—no accommodation!

LANDLADY.

I hope the gentry will excuse all faults at present—We never were so full in our days—we're almost hurried out of our lives—every house in the town is just the same—all as busy as bees about the jubalo.

SECOND MAN PASSENGER.

Jubalo! I have heard nothing but jubilees, and Shakespeares, and mulberry-trees, for these three months. What the devil is this jubilee?

LANDLADY.

Lack-a-day, Sir, I can hardly tell you myself; but it is one of the finest things that ever was seen—There is the great little gentleman from London, and I don't know how many painters, and carpenters, and musicianers, and actor-people, come down on purpose—Great doings, I promise you.

FIRST WOMAN PASSENGER.

Is there to be any dancing, pray?

LANDLADY.

Oh yes—abundance of dancing—but begun with going to church, and singing of *antums* and *o-ra-to-ries*, I think they call them—and then there is eating and drinking, and processioning, and mas-

querading.

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. 7

uerading, and horse-racing, and fireworks—So
ay—and as merry as the day is long.

FIRST MAN PASSENGER.

And the night too, I warrant you landlady.

LANDLADY.

Oh ay ; a ball and entertainment every night,
our honour.

[*During this scene, coffee, tea, &c. banded round
to the passengers.*]

Enter Stage-Coachman.

COACHMAN.

The horses are put to, gentlefolks.

SECOND MAN PASSENGER.

By and by—we are coming, master whip!

COACHMAN.

Please to make a little haste, my master!—this
accident has thrown us quite out of our bias, as
may say—we shall be two hours beyond our time
before we get to Woodstock to-day—The fly from
London will wonder what is become on us.

FIRST MAN PASSENGER.

No, no : they'll think we broke our necks, or
they have broken their own necks, mayhap.

COACHMAN.

Ah, Heaven bless your honour!—you're a mer-
y gentleman.

FIRST MAN PASSENGER.

How many knots dy'e go an hour, brother
aman ;

COACHMAN.

We goes above seven miles an hour—near seven
and a half—up hill and down, my master.

FIRST

3 MAN AND WIFE; OR, THE
FIRST MAN PASSENGER.

Well—you must let out a reef or two in the morning, to make up for lost time—but don't overset the ship again.—But come—I am anxious to get on board the ship's company—what's to pay, mother?

LANDLADY.

Coffee—tea—wine—and bread and butter—five and four pence, Sir.

FIRST MAN PASSENGER.

There—there's six shillings.—Good-bye, mother—I wish you a merry jubalo!

[Exit Coachman with Passengers.]

LANDLADY.

Kindly welcome, Sir! welcome, ladies! kindly welcome!—*(Bell rings)* Richard! answer to the door!—Magpye! *(another bell rings)* Thomas! run up to the Moon!—Chamberlain! *[Exit barrow.]*

(Colonel Frankly left sitting at a table---Re-enter Coachman.)

COACHMAN.

The passengers are all in, my master!

FRANKLY.

A good journey to them!—I shall go no farther with them—Here's for yourself, honesty!

COACHMAN.

Thank you kindly---heaven bless you, master *[Exit.]*

Colonel Frankly alone.

So!--Spite of accidents, I have reached the scene of action, however.---Charlotte, I reckon I shall arrive

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE 9

arrived yesterday.---Her father and mother both endeavouring to counteract each other, and she to baffle both.--- If our plan of operation does but succeed, I shall honour the name of Shakespeare more than ever---for to us this celebrity will prove most truly a jubilee.---But who comes here? As I live, that puppy Marcourt.---The enemy, I see, is in motion---but the coxcomb little thinks I am his rival---and, what is whimsical enough, always chuses to make me his confidant---tho' I suppose he tells me no more than he tells every body else.

Enter Marcourt.

MARCOURT.

La Fleur! Take the baggage off the chaise, and come to me immediately.---My dear Frankly! who would have thought of finding you here? What brought you to Stratford upon Avon.

FRANKLY.

The Birmingham stage-coach.

MARCOURT.

Oh, ridiculous! And what could cram you into a stage-coach?

FRANKLY.

An accident --- and an other accident had like to have thrown me out of it again.---I have been on a recruiting party in Staffordshire.---Losing a wheel of my post-chaise, about six miles off, I was glad to get into the stage, which I had scarce well done, when it was overturned. My fellow-travellers are but just set forward for London.

MARCOURT.

Yes --- I met the plebeians just as I drove into the yard.---I have been on the road all night myself.

10 MAN AND WIFE; OR, THE
myself, egad. I rattled through Oxford at mid-
night, loud enough to rouse all the sleepy fellows
of colleges—and am just arrived here, where, I
find, no body can get a bed to sleep in.

FRANKLY.

And what hurried you so?

MARCOURT.

Why, you must know I should have been here
last night, at farthest—but having promised to
dine at the Macaroni yesterday with Rochester,
Brampton, and Evergreen—

FRANKLY.

The noblemen of those titles, d'ye mean?

MARCOURT.

Yes, to be sure—but you never mention ti-
tles—titles of people you live with. 'Tis not
the *Ton*—When you say plain *Townly*, *Love-*
lace, *Ogleby*, and so forth,—People who live in
the world mean the Duke, Marquis, or Lord of
the name;— but when we say Jack Wilson,
George Belford, Ned Thompson— and so on—
we mean a commoner— We speak of peers as
peers subscribe themselves in writing— no Chris-
tian name— and nothing of the title except the
place from which it is taken.

FRANKLY.

I beg your pardon— proceed.

MARCOURT.

Why then being engaged to dine with them,
I say, I did not set out from Pall-Mall till be-
tween

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. II

between eight and nine o'clock. --- I lost six hundred before the chaise came to the door.

FRANKLY.

Deep play!

MARCOURT.

Pooh! nothing at all — Lovelace lost four and thirty hundred to Jack Airy of the Guards, at the same sitting. --- We used to set ten or twenty, perhaps, some time ago --- but now, they never make up a *rouleau* of less than fifty guineas. --- La Fleur! (*calling*) where is this fellow? I must get off my boots.

FRANKLY.

Did you ride any part of the way?

MARCOURT.

What in the dark, and on the road ——— Oh, no! ——— Indeed I hardly ever ride now but in the spring, through the three parks; or to pay visits.

FRANKLY.

Visits on horseback?

MARCOURT.

Why not? We all visit on horseback since the new pavement --- and I'm very often out the whole morning without going off the stones. --- Take horse at Hall's stables, a short bait at Arthur's --- a slice of pine-apple, and half-a dozen of scandal and politicks at Betty's --- and so make the tour of the parish of St. James's through the square, Pall Mall, Piccadilly -- and Hall's stables again --- But, La Fleur! Where the duce is this fellow! I shan't have my hair drest these three hours.

FRANK-

FRANKLY.

Not these six hours, if one may judge by the quantity. — Is not so much hair behind troublesome?

MARCOURT.

Not at all --- So far from it, that above half of it is false — for in an undress, unless you have a club as thick as both your doubled-fists, you are not fit to be seen --- but with that, a little French hat cut to the quick, that leaves your face as broad as Harry the Eighth's, an ell of shirt-sleeves hanging over a short half-inch pair of ruffles, a coat powdered half way down your back, a tambour waistcoat, white linen-breeches, and a taper switch in your hand, your figure, Frankly, must be irresistible.

FRANKLY.

Your figure you mean, Marcourt. — But what could prevail on you to exhibit it at Stratford? Do you intend to make one in the pageant, and shew yourself as one of the characters of Shakespeare?

MARCOURT.

No faith; such an original did not exist in his days; and the writers of our time have left off drawing other people's characters for the sake of exposing their own.

FRANKLY.

Well --- but your business here, Marcourt?

MARCOURT.

Business of consequence, I can tell you, Frankly. --- One must have a wife, you know, if it is only for the pleasure of getting rid of her.

FRANKLY.

Oh, I conceive you! A matrimonial affair.

MAR-

MARCOURT.

Yes—the old affair with Charlotte.—We have now brought matters to a crisis.—Old Cross and his wife --- the father and mother, you know --- are always quarrelling ;—no wonder, therefore, they squabble about the choice of a husband for their daughter.—The mother, who is a kind of a cousin of mine, and is desirous of bringing the girl into the world, has pitched upon me.

FRANKLY.

A wife lady!

MARCOURT.

Yes---but the tramontane father-----

FRANKLY.

Has chosen some other man, I warrant you.

MAR COURT.

He has --- but who now, of all mankind, d'ye think is, in his idea, a proper husband for his daughter? That horrid fellow Kitchen.

FRANKLY.

Kitchen ! What, the famous *bon vivant* ?

MAR COURT.

The same—a fellow that has not an idea beyond a haunch of venison——Kitchen and old Crofs are of a club; and when Mrs. Crofs and he had been wrangling, Kitchen, who is reckoned a joker at the club, puts him into humour again.

FRANKLY.

But he has some real pleasantries, they say.

MARCOURT.

Not he — dull, dull as colonel Grin, who has got Joe Miller by heart, and is always teasing you

B

you

you with a story.---No *splash* in the world—His conversation is all table-talk,—made up of eating and drinking.—He is a mere walking larder—His mind is a great pantry, from which he is always serving up some choice dishes for the entertainment of his friends and acquaintance.

FRANKLY.

But has not he been able to render himself a formidable rival?

MARCOURT.

Formidable! ridiculous — no, no — the father is his friend indeed, — but the mother knows reason — and then the girl is so fond— poor thing! she doats on me to distraction---pretends to join in old Cross's designs in favour of Kitchen, but holds a privy council with the mother and me, and turns every motion to my advantage.---Now this it is, Frankly, that brings me post to Stratford.---The father you must know---but mum! here comes Kitchen himself --- I knew we should meet---but I am prepared for him.---I shall snap the delicious morsel out of his mouth, I promise him.

Enter Kitchen and Landlord.

KITCHEN.

What! the gout?—hands and feet! honest landlord your wine is not sound, I am afraid.

LANDLORD.

As any in England, Sir.

KITCHEN.

Well --- let me have some refreshment then
 I have met with nothing good upon the road,

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. 15

road, since the rolls and trout at Uxbridge.---Every where else, plague take them, they gave me nothing but cow beef, ram mutton, red veal, stale eggs, and white bacon.

LANDLORD.

You will find the best of every thing here, Sir.

—We never hear any complaints—and at present we have made large provisions on account of the jubilee.

KITCHEN.

So you had need, landlord; for you seem to have an army to eat them up.

MARCOURT.

Prithee, landlord, what is this jubilee?—Mr. Kitchen, your humble servant.

KITCHEN.

Your servant, Sir. [*Distant civility on both sides—conceitedly on the part of Marcourt, and rough on that of Kitchen.*]

LANDLORD.

The jubilee, Sir, is on account of our famous townsman, Shakespeare — the great play-writer, that wrote King Lear and his three Daughters, and Othello Moor of Venice. They say he loved venison—and, Heaven bless him! he has set many a haunch going into our house—the town is brim full of company.

MARCOURT.

If it is a Jubilee, it must be nonsensical.—I was at the Jubilee at Rome some years ago.

LANDLORD.

Oh, this is quite another thing, I believe, Sir. There is no popery in our Jubilee, though it began with going to church, they say.

16 MAN AND WIFE; OR, THE
KITCHEN.

I never knew any of our travelled fine gentlemen that did not draw comparisons between things totally opposite. Between antient Rome and this country, there might be some resemblance; but modern Italy is no more to be compared to Old England, than a sirloin of beef to a spoonful of macaroni.

MARCOURT.

How should a man talk of things abroad, who has past his whole life at home? You will allow us, Mr. Kitchen, to be more competent judges, who have travelled, and skimmed the cream of Europe.

KITCHEN.

I can travel to more advantage than most of you, without stirring out of my elbow chair.—I can digest what I read, and chew the cud of reflection upon it.—As for you fine gentlemen, you skim the cream of Europe, as you say, and bring home nothing but froth, and whipt-sillabub.

MARCOURT.

Well said, John Bull!—You like Shakespeare now, I warrant you.

KITCHEN.

Like him? I adore him! No man of sense and true taste can do otherwise.

MARCOURT.

Ay, I thought so. You prefer his puns and quibbles to the wit and humour of Moliere, I suppose.

KITCHEN.

No, Sir. — Bigotry is not the growth of this country, in literature any more than in religion.

Puns

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. 17

Puns and quibbles were the vicious taste of the times; and if they made their way into the pulpit, no wonder that they were to be met with on the stage. I hate a forced chace of puns and little conceits, as much as you can do.—Sheer wit is like sheer wine—but a pun or a quibble—rot it—a pun is nothing but jingling the glasses.

MARCOURT.

Oh! they are not the only faults of his barbarous farces—as uncouth a medley to present to this age as a pageant or a puppet-shew.—No foreigner can endure him.

KITCHEN.

They can't taste him, because they don't understand him.

MARCOURT.

They can understand him well enough to be shocked at his absurdities. A baby in the first act become a grown person in the last—plays made out of halipennny ballads—ghost and grave diggers, witches and hobgoblins—Brutus and Casius conversing like a couple of English Common-councilmen.—Hamlet killing a rat—and Othello raving about an old pocket-handkerchief.—There's your Shakespeare for you.

KITCHEN.

Now I should have been sure you had travelled, if I had not known it before.—This is a mere hash of foreign criticism, as false as superficial, and made up of envy and ignorance.—Shakespeare, Mr. Marcourt—Shakespeare is the Turtle of Literature. The lean of him may perhaps be worse than the lean of any other meat;—but there is a deal of green fat, which is the most delicious stuff in the world.

18 MAN AND WIFE; OR, THE
FRANKLY.

Indeed, Marcourt, I think the gentleman is too hard for you.

KITCHEN.

A crust for the critics! that's all.

MARCOURT.

Never mind it. I shall be too hard for him presently.

KITCHEN.

I understand you—but I don't believe it. Charlotte has no taste for foreign cookery.

MARCOURT.

Then she has less taste than I imagine. — The family are now at Stratford.—Where do they lodge, landlord?

LANDLORD.

Whom does your honour mean?

MARCOURT.

Mr. Cross and his family?

LANDLORD.

They have taken a whole house near the New Hall, Sir.

MARCOURT.

I'll tell you what Mr. Kitchen—I'll give you a hundred pounds to receive a thousand on my marriage with Charlotte.

KITCHEN.

With all my heart; and I'll lay you a hoghead of claret you never marry her at all.

MARCOURT.

Done.

KITCHEN.

And done again. — And if you have a mind for any other bet, this gentleman shall hold the stakes.

FRANK-

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. 19

FRANKLY.

Have a care I don't run away with them!

KITCHEN.

Never fear!

MARCOURT.

Come then!—first to dress, and then for the Signora!

KITCHEN.

And I say, first for a little refreshment.—
Ceres and Bacchus are the warmest friends of
Venus.—I never found that love took away my
stomach.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT II.

SCENE *an apartment in Cross's house---Mr. and
Mrs. Cross at Breakfast. They sit silent some time.*

CROSS.

WELL! am I to have another dish of
tea or no, Mrs. Cross?

Mrs. CROSS.

Lord, Mr. Cross! I wonder you did not find
fault that I had not poured out the second dish
before you drank the first!

CROSS.

Pshaw! [*Throwing a slice of bread and butter on
the plate.*]

Mrs. CROSS.

What's the matter now, Mr. Cross?

CROSS.

Matter!—the bread's bad—the butter's rank—
and the tea as coarse as chopt hay.—It's a strange
thing one can never have a comfortable breakfast!

B 4

Mrs. CROSS.

Mrs. CROSS.

There is no such thing as comfort, wherever you are—The bread is as good bread as ever was tasted—the butter's as sweet as a violet—and the tea is the best sixteen-shilling green in the world—But in town it's just the same thing—You do nothing but find fault there too—tho' I have my sugar from Fenchurch-street—my tea from the Grafshopper—and the best Epping-butter from the corner of Savile-row.

CROSS.

Ay; you have your particular place for every thing—Not because its better, but because it's the fashion—You would sooner give a crown a yard more for a silk than buy it any where but on Ludgate-Hill—But I am never in the right in any thing—I dare say now you will insist upon it, that this room is not damp—tho' I can swear it was not dry when I came down this morning—I shall catch my death of cold I suppose.

Mrs. CROSS.

Lord! you're so delicate — You may think yourself very well off to have a good house over your head, when so many people are glad to lie in a hay-loft, and to lodge their servants in landaus and post-chaifes.

CROSS.

Well — it's no matter — I deserve it — what the plague had I to do at Stratford? — Such a ridiculous journey! I wonder how I could be such a blockhead as to give into it — And as for yourself too, you care no more for Shakespeare, than I for the Pope of Rome.

Mrs. CROSS.

And what does that signify, as to going to the jubilee? Are not all the people of condition round

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. 21

round the country to be here? Shakespeare is nothing to the purpose; I would not see the finest play the man ever wrote but in a side-box — And one only goes into the side-box, because it's going into the best company.

C R O S S.

Yes, that's reason enough for you to do any thing — Because a Countess, who has a range of rooms as long as Pall-Mall, gets the whole town together at her route — You must have a route too, and squeeze all your acquaintance into two closets and a cupboard — Nay, last winter, when the town ran masquerade-mad, you got a ridiculous party of about eighteen or twenty fops and flirts, to make fools of themselves, and called it a masquerade.

Mrs. C R O S S.

I am sure every body admired the stile of the illumination — and then neither Negri nor Robinson ever set out a more elegant side-board — Lady Frankair called it Mrs. Cornelys' in miniature — But you have no notion of any thing that's genteel — You are not fit to live among the world.

C R O S S.

The world! Zounds, madam, does your map of the world comprehend only two parishes? — The inhabitants of which laugh at all the rest for aping them! — Don't you see that this narrow circle that you call *the world*, despise all you that are out of it? and want to force your way into it? Are not they perpetually running away from you? And are not they carrying London to Hampstead and Highgate on purpose to get rid of you?

Mrs. C R O S S.

This is all mere scandal and malice — It is very well known that I see none but the first people —

B 5

And

And if you had not affronted Sir Peter Levee, he would have engaged to make Charlotte a maid of honour.

CROSS.

And I'll make her what most maids of honour would wish to be — The wife of a man of good sense with a handsome fortune.

Mrs. CROSS.

Not of Mr. Kitchen, I hope.

CROSS.

And why not Mr. Kitchen, madam?

Mrs. CROSS.

He had better marry his cook-maid—a wretch! —He never mixes with a person of fashion, except by chance at Bath, where he goes to recover his digestion after having over-eat himself.

CROSS.

And that flimsy piece of quality-binding, Marcourt, is always running after a title, like a child after a butterfly — He is a mere Lord-hunter, and loses all the little sense and money he has in the pursuit.

Mrs. CROSS.

Nobody despises good company, but those that have not accomplishments to qualify themselves to get into it — Mr. Marcourt sees every body, subscribes to Almack's, and (the first vacant borough) my Lord Neverout will bring him into parliament.

CROSS.

With all my heart; so as the puppy does not put himself up as a candidate for my daughter.

Mrs. CROSS.

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE 23

Mrs. C R O S S.

I am sure, if ever she has any thing to say to that Mr. Kitchen, she deserves to be confined for a mad woman.

C R O S S.

There are a great many mad women, that are not confined at all.

Mrs. C R O S S.

And there is such a thing as a melancholy mad man, who is of all others the most miserable in himself, and the most shocking to other people.

C R O S S.

Don't provoke me, Mrs. Cross! Don't provoke me! You know I can't bear it.

Mrs. C R O S S.

What's the matter with the man? Have I said a single thing to give you the least provocation? I won't speak another word.

They sit silent a little while.

C R O S S.

A puppy!

[muttering.]

Mrs. C R O S S.

Ti tum dum—

[humming.]

C R O S S.

A coxcombical fellow that—

[muttering.]

Mrs. C R O S S.

Li dum ti—

[humming.]

C R O S S.

A provoking woman!

Mrs. C R O S S.

Tum ti tum tee—

[humming.]

C R O S S.

MAN AND WIFE; OR, THE CROSS.

Zouns! there's no bearing this usage —— I have a good mind to order the chaise, and set out for London immediately.

Mrs. CROSS.

Lord, Mr. Cross, why do you put yourself so much out of temper? Am not I as quiet as a lamb?

CROSS.

You know —— You know Mrs. Cross, that this cool insolence is ten times more provoking than passion——But I'll say no more to you—I am a fool to mind your nonsense. [*takes a paper and reads.*]

Mrs. CROSS. [*after a little while.*]

Will you have any more tea, Mr. Cross?

CROSS.

No.

[*without looking off the paper.*]

Mrs. CROSS.

Shall I send away the things?

CROSS.

Pshaw!

[*turns round in his chair.*]

Mrs. CROSS.

John (*Servant enters*) take away the tea-things!

CROSS.

Let them alone!

Mrs. CROSS.

Why, have not you done breakfast, Mr. Cross?

CROSS.

No.

SERVANT.

Mr. Kitchen, Sir, is just come to wait on you.

Mrs. CROSS.

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. 25

Mrs. C R O S S.

Pooh!

C R O S S.

Mr. Kitchen! shew him up immediately! (*exit*
Servant, ----- Mrs. Cross following) Stay, madam!
I insist upon your not leaving the room.

Mrs. C R O S S.

What should I stay for? I have nothing to say
to him.

C R O S S.

I don't care --- I won't have him affronted.

[*Mrs. Cross throws herself into a chair.*

Enter Kitchen.

C R O S S.

My dear friend!

K I T C H E N.

Sir, I am heartily glad to see you — Madam,
your most humble servant! — [*to Mrs. Cross.*

Mrs. C R O S S.

Your servant, Sir.

[*pouting.*

C R O S S.

Well — but where's your servant and your port-
manteau?

K I T C H E N.

At the White Lion.

C R O S S.

Oh, you must order them here — you must be
with us during the Jubilee; we have a very good
room for you.

Re-enter

Re-enter Servant.

S E R V A N T.

Mr. Marcourt, madam, is come to wait on you.

Mrs. C R O S S.

Oh, I am glad of it — shew him into my dressing-room, I'll wait on him there—Mr. Kitchen, your humble servant. *[Exit hastily.]*

K I T C H E N.

Your servant, madam.

C R O S S.

Harkye, John!

S E R V A N T. *[Returning]*

Sir!

C R O S S.

Tell my daughter Charlotte to come here.

S E R V A N T.

Yes, Sir.

[Exit.]

K I T C H E N.

Well, Sir, I have obeyed your orders, you see. — I have crossed the country from the West of England, on purpose to attend you. — Colonel Cramwell, Lord Pepper, and two or three more of us, have been on a coasting party. — It has been a delightful summer; and I think I never knew the whittings, turbots, brills, red mullets, and John Dories in higher perfection.

C R O S S.

I am most heartily glad to see you, Mr. Kitchen; and this meeting will, I think, be decisive. — Our schemes are now ripe for execution — I have humoured my wife in this ridiculous journey, merely because it gave me a better opportunity of thwarting

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. 27

thwarting her in the grand point of Charlotte's marriage. — This house, you must know, has been taken in our name for this month, under the pretence of attending this jubilee — but *really* in order to make the family parishioners — by which means the banns have been asked, as the law requires, between you and Charlotte — and the minister is prepared to perform the ceremony this very morning.

KITCHEN.

But is Miss Charlotte prepared for it?

CROSS.

Perfectly --- Charlotte is a shrewd clever girl and tho' she carries it fair with her mother, will do every thing that I bid her, and is wholly in your interest. — Oh, here she is!

Enter Charlotte.

Come hither, Charlotte! I have once more the pleasure of presenting Mr. Kitchen to you, and by and by I hope you will receive him as my son-in-law.

CHARLOTTE.

Don't you think, Sir, I have a hard task of it between you and my mama? Your commands are as opposite as north and south, and yet you both expect to be obeyed.

CROSS.

Never tell me --- I am master of the family --- it is her duty to honour and obey; and I am resolved to be absolute.

CHARLOTTE.

Ah my dear papa ----- Your insisting so eternally upon your right, is the very thing that renders it so difficult to maintain it. All women love power; and the best way of securing their obedience,

28 MAN AND WIFE; OR, THE
ence, is to tell them that they govern you.

CROSS.

Did not I say, she was a shrewd girl, Mr. Kitchen?

KITCHEN.

The young lady is perfectly in the right. A wife is like a trout; she must be tickled, Mr. Cross.

CROSS.

Well --- but have you prepared matters? How do you propose to manage it?

CHARLOTTE.

Just as I have managed every thing else: while my mama supposes I approve of *her* choice, she has no suspicion of my favouring your own --- but what d'ye you think she would say, if I was to tell her that Mr. Marcourt was my aversion? --- I have never dropt a single word to her in behalf of Mr. Kitchen.

CROSS.

Well, well --- that may be right enough perhaps. ----- But no wonder that Marcourt's your aversion. He is one of the most empty feather-headed coxcombs in town.

KITCHEN.

An insipid fellow, Madam! --- neither pepper nor salt in him.

CROSS.

True. My daughter has not the least relish for him. ----- But Charlotte! won't it be difficult to carry on this affair in the midst of so much company?

CHARLOTTE.

Oh no! the more the merrier, Sir.

KIT-

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. 29
KITCHEN.

But the fewer, the better cheer, Madam.

CHARLOTTE.

Not in this instance, Sir. This jubilee is a fortunate circumstance. One is never so private as in a croud, you know.

KITCHEN.

Why that's true. Intrigues carried on in the face of the world are always least liable to detection ----- and now-a-days most people seem to act upon that principle.

CHARLOTTE.

A truce with your satire, Sir; for we are not to act barefaced, I assure you: and the jubilee concluding with a masquerade affords us an admirable opportunity ----- Do you --- Lord, I'm a mad girl --- I was going to make an assignation with you before my father's face.

CROSS.

Do! do --- I insist on it.

CHARLOTTE.

Why then I shall slip on my dress, which is a blue Turkish habit, directly, after dinner, and in that I shall expect you about seven o'clock.

KITCHEN.

I am a turk, if I do not attend you.

CHARLOTTE.

Take care, I don't find you a Bashaw.

KITCHEN.

A downright English husband, I promise you.
--- No water-drinking religion for me, Madam,
I shall

30 MAN AND WIFE; OR, THE

I shall break the laws of Mahomet, this very evening, and toast your health in a bumper of the most generous wine to be found in the town of Stratford.

CROSS.

Temperance! temperance 'till after to-morrow. I beseech you, Mr. Kitchen! after that you may drink up the Avon.

KITCHEN.

I would not give a guinea a ton for it—— Shakespeare upon the banks, and the perch out of the stream, are all I want of it.

CROSS.

But come—— we must bid Charlotte good-morrow—I'll attend you to the Inn, and order your servant and baggage up hither.

CHARLOTTE.

What will mama say to that?

CROSS.

I don't care what she says; I will have it so.

CHARLOTTE.

How! relapsing already, papa? Mama must not be made uneasy for many reasons—— I don't be angry or jealous, if I take very little notice of you to day, Mr. Kitchen.

KITCHEN.

No; but to-morrow morning—— ay, and to-morrow evening--- Oh that the Doctor had but said grace! The very thought creates an appetite.

[*Exeunt Cross and Kitchen*]

Charlotte alone.

I don't know a young lady with more business on her hands than myself. My father and his friends

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. 31

friend to treat with on one hand, my mother and her
dainty quarter-cousin to negotiate with on the other
—and all the while, like a true minister, to attend
to nothing but my own separate interest—It puts
me in mind of some of the road-posts I saw upon
our journey, pointing three ways at once.

LETTICE. [*Peeping in.*]

Is the coast clear?

CHARLOTTE.

I am all alone. What's the matter, Lettice?

LETTICE.

Only a letter from Colonel Frankly.

CHARLOTTE.

He is arrived, I hope.

LETTICE.

Safe arrived, Madam. He is at the White Lion.

CHARLOTTE.

But where is the letter!

LETTICE.

Bless me! I have not lost it sure — Oh, no!
here it is, Ma'am! — [*gives the letter, which Char-
lotte reads while Lettice is talking.*] Ah, you may
take your leave of love-letters now. Marriage
makes a wonderful alteration in style and sentiment.
— The letters of married people are like your
papa's and mama's conversation.

CHARLOTTE.

Well—I hope nobody saw it delivered to you?

LETTICE.

Nobody but your sister Sally. Ah, she's a sly
little urchin! tho' she is but a few years younger
than you, she has cut all her eye-teeth, I assure
you, Madam. She asked me, if that was not co-
lonel Frankly's livery — and then she looked as
cunning and roguish — she knows what's what,
I pro-

I promise you, Madam. — Here the little rom comes.

Enter Sally running.

S A L L Y.

Oh sister, sister! I am come to give you joy sister.

CHARLOTTE.

Joy! of what, my dear?

S A L L Y.

Colonel Frankly is arrived, sister!

CHARLOTTE.

Well! and what's that to me? why should you wish me joy upon that account?

S A L L Y.

Oh, I know why well enough — I am no more a fool than my elder sister.

CHARLOTTE.

What does the child mean?

S A L L Y.

Child indeed! you were no simpleton at my age I warrant you, sister.

CHARLOTTE.

And what then?

S A L L Y.

Come, come! I see you are afraid of me — but you need not, I promise you — and I shall have ten times more pleasure in helping you out than I could possibly have in telling papa and mama.

L E T T I C E.

Ah, you're a rare one! You'll make a fine young Lady one of these days, I warrant you.

S A L L Y.

You trust Lettice here I know well enough, and you had better trust me too, I can tell you, sister.

Nay

Nay, supposing I could do you no good, it is in my power to do you a great deal of mischief.

CHARLOTTE.

What! do you threaten me then?

SALLY.

No, indeed and indeed, I don't, sister. If I knew all your secrets, I would not hurt you for the world.

LETTICE.

And will you be a good little girl now—and tell nobody—and do every thing we bid you?

SALLY.

That I will—Tell me all, and if I tell papa or mama, or any body else, I wish I may die, sister.

LETTICE.

E'en tell her, Ma'am! She loves a little roguery in her heart—and then she is such an arch little soul, I think she may be of use—I have cut out some business for her already.

SALLY.

I am glad of it—For goodness-sake let me know it—I'll play my part as well as any of you.

LETTICE.

Ay, I'll be bound for you.

SALLY.

Well—Colonel Frankly is a charming man to be sure—and as my elder sister has a colonel, I think I have a right to a captain.

CHARLOTTE.

Hush, my dear! You will be overheard by the family.

SALLY.

No, I shan't—Papa is just gone out with Mr. Kitchen, and Mama is in her dressing room with Mr. Marcourt. She desires to see you there as soon as the procession is over.

CHAR-

I know her business, and can scarce bear the thoughts of it. How disagreeable it is to live in a state of perpetual dissimulation with both my parents!

LETTICE.

Never mind it, Ma'am! never mind it!—It is entirely their own faults. They have each of them encouraged and advised you to practise deceit; and neither of them can blame you for following their instructions.

CHARLOTTE.

Ah, Lettice, it is a poor apology for our faults to excuse them by those of other people.

LETTICE.

Their conduct is an excuse for every thing.—They advise you to dissemble to bring their schemes to bear—and you take their advice in order to compass your own.

SALLY.

But come, Lettice—Why don't you tell me what I am to do? I long to be busy.

LETTICE.

We may be interrupted here. Come into your sister's room—You must tell a little fib or two.

SALLY.

Oh, let me alone! I shall not be at a loss for that, I warrant you.—Lord, how grave you look, sister!

CHARLOTTE.

My dear, don't you think I have some reason?

SALLY.

Reason! no indeed—Are not you going to be married?—Well, you eldest daughters have a fine time of it to take place of your younger sisters in every

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. 35

every thing—but no matter—I shall grow older
and older every day, you know.

CHARLOTTE.

Go, you little madcap!

SALLY.

I shall dance at your wedding, I promise you.

LETTICE.

Hold your tongue, you little devil you!

SALLY. [*Singing.*]

Well, well, say no more!

Sure you told me before.

Prithce, go talk to your parrot, your parrot;

I'm not such an elf,

Tho' I say it myself,

But I know a sheep's head from a carrot, a carrot.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE, *a street in Stratford ; on one side the
house wherein SHAKESPEARE was born.*

The PAGEANT,
Exhibiting the Characters of Shakespeare.

Martial Musick.

ROMAN CHARACTERS.

Soldiers — two by two.
Fasces.

Trophies — S. P. Q. R. &c.

CORIOLANUS.
Roman Ladies ---dishevelled.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
The Roman Eagle.
Brutus and Cassius --- bearing Daggers.

Soft Musick.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.
Charmion and Iras.

Grand

SHAKESPEARE PROCESSION. 37

Grand Music.

OLD ENGLISH CHARACTERS.

KING JOHN.

Constance, Prince Arthur, and Hubert.

RICHARD the THIRD.

Edward the Sixth — and Duke of York.

HARRY the Eighth.

Cardinal Wolsey.

Coronation Anthem.

Anne Bullen under Coronation Canopy.

Attendants.

Magical Music “above, about, and underneath.”

PROSPERO.

Miranda and Ferdinand.

Drunken Sailors.

Trinculo and Caliban.

Ariel.

Dæmons and other Spirits.

Macbeth's Music.

HECATE.

Witches — two by two.

The two Baby Spirits. — One with a Crown, the
other with a Bough.

C

Fairy

38 SHAKESPEARE PROCESSION.

Fairy Music.

OBERON and TITANIA—in a Nutshell.
Other Fairies.

Solemn Music.

The TRAGIC MUSE.

OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.

GHOST in HAMLET.

Hamlet, following the Ghost, with his sword drawn
Ophelia in her Madness.

LEAR and CORDELIA.

JACHIMO.

POSTHUMUS and IMOGEN.

Bellarius between the two Brothers.

MACBETH, with Daggers bloody.

Banquo's Ghost.

Lady Macbeth with the Candle.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Dead March in Saul.

Juliet's Bier. Attendants.

Allegro

Allegro.

The COMICK MUSE.

Shallow and Silence.

Slender and Dr. Caius.

Ford, Sir Hugh Evans and Page.

Mrs. Quickly and Pistol.

Bardolph and Nym.

Mrs. Ford, Falstaff, and Mrs. Page.

TOUCHSTONE and LANCELOT,

MALVOLIO, cross-gartered.

Andante.

FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Autolycus.

ANTONIO and BASSA

Portia and Nerissa, (as L. IO.

Shylock—with Knife, Scales, and Bond.

C 2

Flourish.

40 SHAKESPEARE PROCESSION.

Flourish.

DRAMATIC TROPHIES.

PEGASUS.

APOLLO.

The Car (drawn by the Muses) containing the
Bust of SHAKESPEARE, crowned by
TIME and FAME.

And attended by the THREE GRACES,
Cupids, Satyrs, Bacchanals, &c.

A I R. By Mrs. MATTOCKS.

I.

*Sweetest Bard that ever sung,
Nature's glory, Fancy's child;
Never sure did witching tongue,
Warble forth such wood-notes wild!*

II.

*Come each Muse, and sister Grace,
Loves and Pleasures hither come;
Well you know this happy place,
Avon's banks were once your home.*

III.

*to the laurel, bring the flow'rs,
Bring triumph to him raise;
Songs of all your pow'rs,
He united all his praise!
All uniting, sing*

Ode on the dedication of a Building to Shakespeare

A C T

ACT III.

Charlotte and Sally meeting Lettice. — Charlotte in a pink domino—Lettice in a blue Turkish habit.

LETTICE.

WELL! have you been with your mama, and Mr. Marcourt, madam?

CHARLOTTE.

I have.

LETTICE.

And what have you done?

CHARLOTTE.

Told them every thing that past between me and my papa.

LETTICE.

Indeed!

CHARLOTTE.

To be sure. I have done so all along, you know; and this has inspired so much confidence on each side, that neither one nor the other entertain the least suspicion of my deceiving them both.

LETTICE.

But how have you settled matters, madam?

C 3

CHAR-

42 MAN AND WIFE; OR, THE
 CHARLOTTE.

I think, very cleverly. Mr. Marcourt has suggested to my mama, that there is nothing so much like a person of fashion, as to receive masks at your own house before going to the public masquerade: so our doors are to be thrown open to all Stratford. You are (as we settled at first) to amuse Mr. Kitchen in that habit; and I am, as my mama supposes, to go off with Mr. Marcourt in this.

LETTICE.

But your mama will find herself sadly deceived.

SALLY.

Yes; — I am to manage that, Lettice. My sister has given me my cue—and never trust me, if I don't make a fool of him.

LETTICE.

Oh, I don't doubt you.

CHARLOTTE.

All we want at present is a little time, Lettice. Colonel Frankly, you may be sure, will be here. The other parties must be put upon a wrong scent, and in the mean while I shall give my hand to the colonel, which my papa and mama have severally destined to Mr. Marcourt and Mr. Kitchen.

LETTICE.

But how am I to treat Mr. Kitchen?

CHARLOTTE.

Why thus?—Ha! yonder comes Mr. Marcourt. Come into the next room, Lettice, and I'll explain every thing—Now remember your instructions, Sally!

SALLY,

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. 43

SALLY.

Let me alone! go, and give Lettice her lesson:
I am perfect in mine.

LETTICE.

Ay, you are an apt scholar, I'll warrant you.

CHARLOTTE.

Well! success attend you! Come Lettice!

[*Exeunt Charlotte and Lettice.*]

Sally *alone.*

Now for as many fibs as I ever told my mama
or my governess! Here the gentleman comes——
full of pride and conceit.—He is a pretty man too
—but I don't like him half so well as Colonel
Frankly.

Enter Marcourt.

MARCOURT.

Ha! my little puppet! what do you do here all
alone, my dear?

SALLY.

Nothing at all, not I, Sir.

MARCOURT.

You seem dull, my dear. Come, let us chatter
a little, and that will put you in spirits.

SALLY.

Will it? why what will you say to me, Sir?

MARCOURT.

Say to you? I'll tell you you're as handsome as
a little angel.

SALLY.

Ah! but do you really believe so, Sir?

44 MAN AND WIFE; OR, THE
 MARCOURT.

Yes indeed do I—I could almost find in my heart to make love to you.

SALLY.

Oh, but they say I am too little yet awhile—but have a little patience, and I shall be as tall as my sister.

MARCOURT.

That you will very soon, my little dear! and when I am married to your sister, I'll take care to get you a husband.

SALLY.

Oh dear! you married to my sister! when will that be, I wonder?

MARCOURT.

Very soon, my dear! to-day, or to-morrow, perhaps.

SALLY.

To-morrow come-never, I believe.

MARCOURT.

Why so, my dear?

SALLY.

Ah, you want to pump me. But I must not tell tales, you know. I shall be huffed if I do.

MARCOURT.

Egad, I may be tricked here — (*aside.*) Well, but, my little dear, you may tell *me* — You shall come to no harm, I promise you.

SALLY.

And won't you say that I told you?

MARCOURT.

No: I'll swear —

SALLY.

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE 45

S A L L Y.

Oh dear! don't you swear: that's naughty——
and will frighten me.

M A R C O U R T.

Well — upon my honour then, nobody shall
know that you told me.

S A L L Y.

But is there nobody listening?

M A R C O U R T.

Not a creature — we're all alone — Come now!
hide nothing from me; there's a good little soul!

S A L L Y.

Why then——you are imposed upon, Sir.

M A R C O U R T.

Ay? egad, I was afraid so —— but how? how,
my dear?

S A L L Y.

As they think I am but a child, they don't
mind what they say before me — so I hear all their
contrivances.

M A R C O U R T.

Well! what are they?

S A L L Y.

It made me mad to think they should abuse such
a charming pretty gentleman, as you are. I am
sure, if I was my sister, I should like you a thou-
sand times better than Mr. Kitchen.

M A R C O U R T.

What a sensible little creature it is! — There's a
good child! —— but what were the contrivances
you were speaking of?

S A L L Y.

For my sister to go off with Mr. Kitchen, and
be married to him.

46 MAN AND WIFE; OR, THE
MARCOURT.

Ay! how?

SALLY.

In a blue Turkish habit.

MARCOURT.

Oh, I know that.

SALLY.

No, indeed, but you don't, Sir. — I know what you think well enough. I heard my sister say that she had fairly told mama and you, that she had settled it so with papa, only to throw you the more off your guard, and make you believe she would go along with you in a pink domino. I pretended to be for Mr. Marcourt, says she: but indeed, says she, I shall do as my papa would have me, for all that. I'll put on the blue Turkish habit, and go with Mr. Kitchen.

MARCOURT.

So, so! I am to be bubbled then.

SALLY.

That you will, if you don't look after the lady in the Turkish habit, I can tell you, Sir.

MARCOURT.

Oh, I shall take care, I warrant you.

SALLY.

Ay, you know all their secrets now; but if you say I told you, I'll never let you know any thing again.

MARCOURT.

Never fear, my dear. — I'll blow up all their plots, and pretend I discovered them by accident,

SALLY.

Do, do! — But I must leave you now, Sir; for if
my

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. 47

my sister, or papa, or Lettice, should see us together, they may suspect something.

MARCOURT.

So they may — but before you go, let me give you one kiss for your intelligence!

SALLY.

Oh, no! I must not kiss the gentlemen.

MARCOURT.

Go, you little coquet, you!

SALLY.

However, I'll make you one of my best dancing curtsies.

MARCOURT.

Oh, your servant, Miss!

[She makes him a low curtsy—but as he turns away, holds up her hands and laughs at him---He turns suddenly towards her---she calls up a grave look, makes him another low curtsy, and runs away romping.]

Marcourt alone.

A lucky discovery this --- and very whimsically made too---Fools and children always speak truth, they say---But Charlotte cannot seriously prefer Kitchen to me---I think I may venture to say that's impossible---No! She has given into this, merely to oblige her father, and will be happy to see his intentions defeated. I'll about it instantly---It shall be done, my dear, on purpose to oblige you. *[Exit.]*

A Hall.

Enter Mrs. Cross and Lettice.

Mrs. CROSS.

Well, I declare I am quite delighted with this idea of Mr. Marcourt's, of receiving masks at home. It is so much in the stile of people of condition

48 MAN AND WIFE; OR, THE

dition—The gentility of it pleases me almost as much as contradicting my husband.

LETTICE.

It is a great happiness that masquerades are coming into fashion again. It gives a lady a fine opportunity of having her own way to be sure, ma'am.

Mrs. CROSS.

So it does, Lettice, as Mr. Cross shall experience. Charlotte has followed my directions, I hope?

LETTICE.

To a tittle, ma'am—You see I'm ready dressed for the purpose.

Mrs. CROSS.

Very well. I shall have witnesses of my triumph too---That will be charming. Is every thing ready in the apartments to receive the company?

LETTICE.

Every thing, ma'am.

Mrs. CROSS.

Have they moved the partition between the fore and back room?

LETTICE.

They have, ma'am.

Mrs. CROSS.

Have they stuck the ends of *spermaceti* in the girandoles? And have you sent to the Apothecary's for a sufficient quantity of cream of tartar to make lemonade?

LETTICE.

Your orders have been exactly obeyed, ma'am.

Mrs. CROSS.

Mighty well. You know I die, if I have not every thing in the highest stile---If I give but a plate of bread and butter, I give it like a person of condition. But I must go, and do the honours of the

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. 49

the house---I see some masks going into the yellow-room---I have sent cards to every body one knows that's at Stratford---And I expect a member of parliament with his wife and daughters, the dowager lady Codille, Sir Thomas Frippery, and a yellow admiral---Be sure you take care, Lettice! [*Exit.*

Lettice *alone.*

Yes; I shall take care of more than you are aware of, I promise you, madam.--- How happy the old gentlewoman makes herself, in her success, as she fancies it! My master is in the very same case---And my young lady too much for them both. Surely there must be some very extraordinary pleasure in a man's plaguing his wife, and a woman's tormenting her husband. My master and mistress think of nothing else. They are like flint and steel, perpetually striking fire out of each other --- Oh, here comes Mr. Kitchen---As true to his appointment, as if it was an invitation to turtle or venison---Now for a little masquerade frolic! [*puts on her mask.*

Enter Kitchen.

KITCHEN.

Your servant, madam!

LETTICE.

Your servant, good sir! [*pulling off her mask.*

KITCHEN.

What! is it you, Mrs. Lettice? I thought it had been Miss Charlotte.

LETTICE.

No, sir; my mistress could not possibly come herself---And so she has sent me in her place.

KITCHEN.

I am obliged to you for coming; but I have been

50 MAN AND WIFE; OR, THE
been sworn at Highgate, Mrs. Lettice, and never
take the maid instead of the mistress?

LETTICE.

But I suppose you have no objection to take the
maid in order to get at the mistress?

KITCHEN.

No, no; but what's the meaning of all this?
How came you here in that habit.

LETTICE.

I'll tell you sir; Mrs. Cross, you know, is as
much set against you, as my master is your friend---
And my young lady has a sad time with them
both together, poor soul!

KITCHEN.

So she has, and yet she manages them pretty
well too. She mixes with them as kindly as an
egg between oil and vinegar.

LETTICE.

Why she must seem to oblige my old lady but
her inclinations are entirely with you and her papa.

KITCHEN.

Yes, yes, I know that, Lettice.

LETTICE.

But to make short of my story, sir; her mamma
having unluckily discovered that Miss Charlotte had
promised to meet you in this habit, insists on my
putting it on; dresses her daughter in a pink domino
and sends her to meet Mr. Marcourt.

KITCHEN.

The devil!

LETTICE.

Patience, sir! my young lady has turned all this
to your advantage.

KITCHEN.

By what means?

LET

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. 51

LETTICE.

She has contrived to make Mr. Marcourt imagine he is imposed upon. Her little sister, who is as sharp as a needle, has been set to tell him, that Miss Charlotte still intends to meet you in this habit. This puts him upon a false train---Sends him in pursuit of me---And in the mean while you are to give my mistress the meeting near the great booth, sir.

KITCHEN.

Excellent! I'll away this very instant.

LETTICE.

Stay, sir! As I live yonder comes Mr. Marcourt. If he sees you leave me so abruptly, he will hardly take me for my young mistress. Suppose you seem to have me under your care, and wait a few moments for a favourable opportunity to slip off to your appointment.

KITCHEN.

I'll do it.

LETTICE.

He's just here. I must on with my mask---and not open my lips for fear of discovery.

[puts on her mask]

Enter Marcourt.

MARCOURT.

There they are, egad---just as the little girl told me---Your servant, ma'am. *(Lettice curtsies.)*

Your servant, Mr. Kitchen!

KITCHEN.

Your humble servant, sir!

MARCOURT.

Give me leave, sir, to pay my respects to that lady.

KITCHEN.

KITCHEN.

Excuse me, sir. This lady has no thing to say to you.

MARCOURT.

You are mistaken, sir. I came on purpose to meet her.

KITCHEN.

That cannot be, sir—This is an acquaintance of mine—and not the lady you mean.

MARCOURT.

But I am convinced it is, sir.

KITCHEN.

Pooh! prithee, man! A lady in a mask is like a dish under cover; you can never tell what it is.

MARCOURT.

Pardon me, sir. This may be disguised in the dressing, but I like the dish and must taste it.

[taking hold of Lettice.

KITCHEN.

Let the lady alone, sir!

MARCOURT.

This way, madam!

Zouns, Mr. Marcourt——*[Marcourt struggles with Lettice—she screams—*

Enter Cross and Mrs. Cross.

CROSS.

Hey day! What is all this?

KITCHEN.

Only Mr. Marcourt, sir, that will fall on without invitation. Here's a lady complains of his rudeness.

CROSS.

Rudeness! in my house! for shame, Mr. Marcourt! This is your man of quality, Mrs. Cross.

MAR-

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. 53

MARCOURT.

Only a masquerade frolic ; nothing else, sir.

CROSS.

Well then --- by the laws of all masquerades, the mask being taken off puts an end to impertinence --- pull off your mask, and put him to the blush, madam.

KITCHEN.

By no means, sir.

CROSS.

Why not ? She shall pull it off, and teach him how to behave himself.

Mrs. CROSS.

No, no ; the lady must not pull her mask off.

CROSS.

But I say, she shall.

Mrs. CROSS.

But I say she shall not.

CROSS.

But she shall, Mrs. Cross.

Mrs. CROSS.

But she shall not, Mr. Cross.

MARCOURT.

Ay, ay, let the lady unmask, and I'll be satisfied.

Mrs. CROSS.

What ! are you mad, Mr. Marcourt.

MARCOURT.

My dear Mrs. Cross, you are not in the secret !
(takes hold of Lettice.)

LETTICE.

No violence, I beseech you, Sir ! the sight is not worth so much importunity. (unmasks.)

MAR-

MAN AND WIFE; OR, THE
MARCOURT.

Confusion!—Lettice?

LETTICE.

At your service, Sir!

(*Curtseys.*)

CROSS.

Lettice in that habit? Where is my daughter?

Mrs. CROSS.

I knew she was not here --- Don't be uneasy, my dear! I understood Mr. Kitchen was desirous of a rendezvous; so I put the change upon him, thinking Lettice a more proper companion for him than my daughter. Ha, ha, ha!

CROSS.

Death and the devil! Am I deceived then? fooled by my wife too!

KITCHEN.

Have patience, Sir. Many things happen between the cup and the lip. Sweet meat may have sour sauce they say. A word with you. (*Talks apart with Cross, while Mrs. Cross converses with Marcourt.*)

Mrs. CROSS.

But where is the girl all this while, Mr. Marcourt?

MARCOURT.

Devil fetch me, if I know, madam. I took Lettice for her.

Mrs. CROSS.

What! were you deceived too! How could you possibly be so absurd! Did not I agree to put Lettice in the Turkish habit, and to dress Charlotte in the pink domino? (*Kitchen goes out here.*)

MARCOURT.

Yes --- but I was told I was imposed upon --- and now I begin to think I have made a fool of myself.

Mrs.

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. 55

Mrs. CROSS.

I drest Charlotte, and left her in my room waiting for you. --- I never knew any thing so ridiculous! However, there can be no great harm done --- it is plain she is not with Mr. Kitchen, you see.

CROSS. [*Overbearing.*]

Don't be too sure of that, Mrs. Cross! Mr. Marcourt and you are but weak politicians. You settle your own plan of operations, and never consider the motions of the enemy.

Mrs. CROSS.

What motions! Where's Mr. Kitchen? Gone?

CROSS.

Yes --- gone. Gone to marry my daughter. Mr. Marcourt rather chose to make up to Lettice, you see.

Mrs. CROSS.

If she marries Mr. Kitchen, I'll never see her face again. --- To have your way in every thing! I cannot bear it!

CROSS.

Rave on, my dear! We must give losers leave to talk, you know. Let them laugh that win!

Mrs. CROSS.

Provoking insolence! I shall die with vexation.

CROSS.

Ha, ha, ha! poor woman!

Enter Fleece.

CROSS.

Mr. Fleece! how do you, Sir? I am glad to see you --- heartily glad to see you, Mr. Fleece.

Mrs. CROSS.

How do you do, Mr. Fleece?

FLEECE.

56 MAN AND WIFE; OR, THE
FLEECE.

Very well I thank you, ma'am. I wish you joy, ma'am — I wish you joy of Miss Charlotte's marriage, Mr. Cross.

CROSS.

My daughter's marriage! — Look you there, ma'am. — Tol derol-lol, lol — She's married, you say.

FLEECE.

Yes, Sir, I left the couple at the church-door.

CROSS.

Tol derol, lol derol lol!

Mrs. CROSS.

Charlotte married! to whom? to Mr. Kitchen, Mr. Fleece?

CROSS.

Mr. Kitchen! ay, to be sure — whom should it be else, Mrs. Cross?

FLEECE.

Mr. Kitchen! lackaday, no, ma'am — not Mr. Kitchen, Sir; I never heard of that gentleman.

MARCOURT.

Well said my little woolcomber! --- nor any body else I believe.

Mrs. CROSS.

Mr. Kitchen. Mind that Mr. Cross!

CROSS.

Not Mr. Kitchen? Why then who the devil is she married to?

FLEECE.

To Colonel Frankly, Sir.

MAR.

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. 57

MARCOURT.

Colonel Frankly! there is a fly dog now!

Mrs. CROSS.

Well --- I don't care who it is, so as it is not Mr. Kitchen.

MARCOURT.

I am infinitely obliged to you, Ma'am.

CROSS.

'Sdeath, Sir! but I'll set all Stratford in a blaze. Did not you receive a letter from us about this affair?

FLEECE.

I did, Sir, from Miss Charlotte---and subscribed with yours and Mrs. Cross's approbation.---I obeyed your orders precisely, took this house immediately, and had the banns asked between the parties.

CROSS.

Well! and the parties were my daughter and Mr. Kitchen.

Mrs. CROSS.

No; my daughter and Mr. Marcourt.

FLEECE.

Neither; but your daughter and Colonel Frankly. Here are my credentials, Sir---the letter in your's, Mrs. Cross's, and Miss Charlotte's, hand-writing. *(Delivers the letter.)*

CROSS.

So! so! the little gipsy has deceived us both then.---She told me she would put in Mr. Kitchen's name.

Mrs. CROSS.

And me, that she would declare you, and insert Mr. Marcourt's.

MAR-

Instead of which, she has put in Colonel Frankly's—A bubble, by Jupiter!—My wager with Kitchen is a drawn bet then.

Enter Kitchen.

MARCOURT.

Ha! my brother in adversity, where do you come from?

KITCHEN.

From church.——I arrived just at the conclusion of the ceremony; but the latter end of a feast is better than the beginning of a fray, they say we shall have a jubilee wedding of it. There is the bride and bridegroom with all Stratford at my heels.

Mrs. CROSS.

They shan't enter my doors. I won't see their faces.

KITCHEN.

You had better, madam; or this affair will make us all very ridiculous.

Mrs. CROSS.

Don't tell me—to be treated in such a shameful manner! I will have nothing to say to them—and if Mr. Cross has a grain of spirit, he will turn the undutiful wretch out of doors, and cut her off with a shilling.

CROSS.

But I shall do no such thing, Mrs. Cross. My conduct shall be just the reverse, Madam. I will receive them with open arms: for if any thing has been amiss, it has been entirely your fault.

Mrs. CROSS.

My fault! how can that be?

CROSS.

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE. . 59

CROSS.

Very easily. If you had been of my mind, and had not encouraged the girl to be disobedient, she would not have been undutiful.

Mrs. CROSS.

Well—and if you had been of my mind, would not it have been just the same thing!

CROSS.

I begin to think we have both been to blame.

Enter Charlotte and Colonel Frankly.

FRANKLY.

Permit us, Sir, to throw ourselves at your feet, and to hope for your's and Mrs. Cross's forgiveness. My Charlotte thought it impossible to prevail on both to consent to the same match, and that is her only excuse for marrying without the approbation of either.

CROSS.

Your apology is a severe reproof, Sir.

Mrs. CROSS.

I don't care—so she is not wife to Mr. Kitchen.

KITCHEN.

Faith, Madam, it gives me no uneasiness. I have been roasted a little it is true—but not so much as my friend here.—He got into the wheel, and turned himself.

MARCOURT.

No matter—I scorn to be outdone in good humour—and as this marriage has begun in masquerade, if the present good company will adjourn to the jubilee-masked ball this evening, I will most cheerfully attend them there.

Mrs. CROSS.

Oh, as to the masquerade, it is a genteel affair, and I like it of all things.

CROSS.

60 MAN AND WIFE; OR, THE
CROSS.

Come then, Mrs. Cross! It was impossible we both should have been pleased; so let us not repine that Charlotte has satisfied neither. We may, however, derive from this incident one material piece of instruction.—That no family can be well governed, where there is a disagreement between those who are placed at the head of it—and that nothing is so necessary as harmony among those whose interests are so intimately connected as those of Man and Wife.

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F I N I S.